

NORA

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A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT WAR

BY
R. BOSWELL

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William Brewster

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A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT WAR



BY

R. BOSWELL



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PART I.

THE EMIGRANT.

1

From Liverpool there sailed in May,
A son of Britain, on his way
To Old Quebec or Montreal—
A youth he was, strong, fair, and tall.

2

For he had read, “ Young man, go West !
Go seek a home, and do your best
Where industry, combined with brains,
Reaps rich reward of golden grains.

3

“ 'Tis hard to leave the land we love—
Look forward friend !—and look above,
To Him, the emigrant Who guides
In ship that waves of ocean rides.

4

“ A fair land waits thee o'er the sea :
Then fear not, doubt not, happy be !—
Poor art thou now? but thou hast health ;
Then persevere, and win thy wealth.”

5

The Mersey soon was left behind,
So were the friends, so good and kind ;
He waved farewell to those on shore—
To those he may see never more.

6

6

And then this lad of twenty years,
Tried hard to stem his manly tears;
He bravely turned his face to West—
As Briton, he love Brtain best.

7

In two weeks' time he hoped to be
In Canada, the great, the free;
And there, one day, he hoped to dwell
With her, whose name I now will tell.

6

THE LOVER.

8

He had her photo, to remind
Him of the Love he left behind:
He called to mind their last embrace,
And saw again her smiling face.

9

Like canvas blank is mind of man,
Whereon lov'd faces paint he can;
Love is not bound by time and space,
Nor change, nor ill, can love efface.

10

His "Nora" was from Erin's Isle;
Her lips were made to kiss and smile;
Her eyes beam'd like the stars at night—
For him they shone with Love so bright.

11

She was a nursemaid at the Hall—
Tom met her at the servants' ball;
As farmer's son, he lived quite near
To Nora, now to him so dear.

12

And Cupid shot at them his dart—
The arrow pierc'd of each the heart;
For weal or woe, the work was done—
Each lover's life had now begun.

13

And oft on Summer afternoon,
Young Tom would leave his work too soon,
To meet his sweetheart in the dell—
For where she walked he knew full well.

14

But she would gently scold, and chide,
Her blushing face would try to hide;
The birds replied with their sweet song,
That thrill'd with Love, the trees among.

15

And to the church each Sabbath night,
Tom always went, for it was right
To walk with Nora to the Hall,
So that no harm should her befall.

16

The lovers, both brought up to toil,
No prospects had on native soil;
To Canada their young hearts turn'd—
To own a home, both long had yearn'd.

17

At last had come the fateful day,
When sad " farewell " each had to say;
They tried to hide the broken heart,
And strove to check the tears that start.

18

" It may take three, or even two
Of years, and then I'll send for you,"
Said Tom, " to where there's wealth for me,
To share, sweet Irish girl, with thee."

19

A poet, at a parting scene
Of lovers, has not ever been;
So what they say he cannot hear,
For even he must not go near.

20

Ah, happy hearts ! 'tis well that ye
Through future years can never see;
Love makes your path a pleasant way,
But brightest shines in trouble's day.

21

Oh, fain to youth would I return,
When with sweet Love the heart can burn !
Age wisdom has, matured with care,
But Love is blind—'twill do and dare.

22

And so we leave the girl and boy,
In love of each to find their joy ;
And trace the path that each has gone,
In seeking for the other one.

PART II.

WESTWARD HO !

1

We will first follow Tom on the “ Colonist ” train.
He has left Montreal, and, Westward bound,
Speeds fast for the Province of sunshine and grain,
Where sound health and good land may ever be found.
Many more for Alberta were trav’lling that day,
In that emigrant train, going West;
Tom said, “ Oh, how I wish I could tell what they say !
They’re all foreign—Oh, English is best ! ”

2

There were Swedes and Norwegians, some Frenchmen
and Danes,
With their children, and mothers, and wives;
All were bound for a land, where fair freedom still
reigns,
And where safe are their goods and their lives.
And where all are alike in the eyes of the law;
There a man never wants if he strives;
'Tis the greatest and best land their eyes ever saw,
And an old flag keeps guard o'er their lives.

3

With what wonder, and rapture, and awe, do they see,
As they look at Superior grand !
Lovely island, and headlands, and deep bays there be—
'Tis a sea in the midst of the land !
And all that about it they'd heard, must be true;
As they view it by day or moonlight,
With its waters so sparkling, so fresh, and so blue,
Grand, majestic, sublime is the sight.

4

There is that in a Briton, where'er he is met,
 That attracts someone else of his race;
 On the boat, or the train, or the trail, he will get,
 By a look, word, or some act of grace,
 A companion to brighten the dull hours—and oft.
 Lifelong friendships are formed in this way,
 And in heart of each one there's a place that is soft,
 For the friend that he just met one day—

5

So young Tom was not lonely. 'Twas on the boat that
 A close friend of Scotch Mac he had made.
 Very soon they found out both were bound to Med. Hat,
 Where Mac hoped to get work at his trade.
 A mechanic was he, but he said he would take
 Any work he could get in the West:
 "I'm determined," said he, "a success I will be"—
 For the Scotch, of new settlers, are best.

6

And they both were delighted with all that they saw.
 Then said Mac, "It's a wonderful trip,
 But just wait till we both from this train gang-awa,
 And we carry in each hand a grip!
 If they're empty, what odds? if the head's full o' brains,
 We will soon fill a purse with greenbacks;
 For I ken money moves the big ships and the trains,
 And it talks very loud on race-tracks."

7

THE PRAIRIE.

To the West, o'er the prairie, the train ever roll'd,
 The green hills and the trees all are gone;
 Through the green crops and grass now the gaunt
 coyote stroll'd,
 And each day the sun brilliantly shone.

In the sleughs, ever ceaseless the croak of the frogs
That the silence of nature now broke;
And the cowbell's loud clang and the bark of the dogs
Greet the dawn as each new day awoke.

8

From the warm, sunny South have return'd all the
birds—
Many crows, and the hawks, are all here;
And the cattle are lowing and feeding in herds—
For 'tis May, and the feast-time of year.
And I see what a feast for mine eyes He hath spread
In the flora of prairie, in Springs—
Oh, so lavish His Hand, that I fear but to tread,
While my heart with great joyfulness sings !

9

And exists there a man who can view this glad scene,
See its vastness, its grandeur, and feel
Not the Almighty's Pow'r in the storm that has been,
In the lightning, and loud thunder peal?
Or who sees the mad river, in flood, rushing by,
Or who views the " Aurora " at night,
And says not, " God is Great ! and as nothing am I ;
But sublime His Omnipotent might "?

10

For long ages the red man roam'd here, at his will,
And the buffalo grazed on the plain ;
But a remnant of Indians survive their tribes still,
And by white man the bison were slain.
Now the pale-face, triumphant, his slaughter regrets—
That the monarchs of prairie are gone ;
But he cannot destroy if he would, the sunsets,
Of whose glory there rivals are none.

SUNSET.

1

The Sunset on the prairie,
 My eyes delight to see;
None but a colour fairy
 Could paint such scenery.

2

No mountain ranges here hide
 The beauteous scene from sight,
When setting sun at e'ntide,
 Goes down with gorgeous light.

3

The glorious sun descending
 Beneath the Western way,
In shades of gold unending,
 Sublime at close of day.

4

What opalescent gold-red
 Tints blend on sky of blue!
What mingled colours, soft, shed
 On eyes that, spellbound, view!

5

What artist can paint "Sunset" ?
 E'en great ones fail, who try:
But inspiration men get
 From evening Sunset sky.

6

The " Master's Hand," on sky blue
 Paints His great " Master-piece ";
 Enraptured, will mere man e'er view
 " Sunset," till earth shall cease.

7

Cold prairie winter, keen, stern,
 Clear air and sunny days;
 O'er frozen earth may sky still burn,
 In Sunset's ruddy blaze.

8

The rapids rushing ever,
 The waterfall so high,
 Delight and charm, but never
 Like prairie Sunset sky.

9

At yonder humble homestead,
 A child beholds, with glee,
 That window-glass has now fled,
 And panes of gold there be.

10

I would that men, with child eyes,
 Could nature's wonders see;
 Dull day of care so slow flies,
 And man seems never free.

11

Vast man-made wonders men see,
 That perish and are vain;
 But prairie Sunsets will be
 While sun and sky remain.

12

The sun, through bright or dark days,
Its course will ever run;
In East, soft dawns its first rays,
At e'en its work is done.

13

Though dark the sun at dawning,
Its noontide may be bright;
End storms and clouds of morning
In noontide's glorious light.

14

Though golden be the day dawn,
With brilliant morn, so clear,
Its morning brightness may warn
That storm clouds, dark, are near.

15

Through life's brief day, can none see,
Though brilliant be the morn,
If peaceful will life's e'en be,
Or wretched, or forlorn.

16

On its true course the sun stays,
From duty ne'er it turns;
It ever brightens man's days,
And rest at Sunset, earns.

17

Each day tasks great or tasks small,
Have men, though high or low;
They who from duty's course fall,
No rest their Sunsets know.

15

18

But all, those who can true say
Their duty has been done,
In work or play, through life's day,
Have peaceful Sunset won.

19

Life's Sunset ends not man's life,
It doth but lead the way
To where at length will cease strife,
In never-ending day.

20

To Him Who sends the " " Sunset " "
To brighten prairie plains,
Our gladsome hearts we raise yet,
That " " Sunset " " still remains.

16

MEDICINE HAT.

1

So arrived, one fine morn, the young men at Med. Hat,
And astonished were they at the sights;
And so great was their wonder when they were told that
There was gas for their heat and their lights—
That they just drill'd a hole deep enough in the ground,
Till was struck a vast natural well,
When so great was the pressure of gas that was found,
That its volume no science could tell.

2

'Twas no wonder a place so well bless'd should attract
Men of wealth to develop the West;
And the city grew great, for the Council, with' tact,
Advertised of cheap fuel the best.
Manufacturers came from the ends of the earth,
And made Medicine Hat a boom'd place;
When the great mills were built, then was ended the
dearth
Of employment, and trade grew apace.

WELCOME.

1

'Twas early summer in the West, the season we all love,
When earth was peaceful calm and still, and blue the sky
above;
When brilliant was the sun by day, the air so balmy,
clear,
So like the calm before a storm, that fills us full of fear.

2

The sun was shining overhead as if to bless the day;
The sparrows twittered in the trees a welcome in their
way;
For nature had conspired that day to fill all hearts with
joy,
And bright and happy was the face of ev'ry girl and boy.

3

The joy that Nature gives to man, it gives with lavish
hand—
Men take its gifts for granted, in the glorious prairie
land;
But if the gifts be e'er removed, we cry to Him above,
His good gifts to us to return—we ask it in His Love.

4

Where lordly Saskatchewan flows majestic on its way,
With troubl'd waters rushing 'neath its banks that look
so gay,
In all their gorgeous splendour on a glorious May morn,
Where, in their leafy loveliness, the trees stand so
forlorn.

But sombre look the evergreens that planted are between
The rows of branching poplars, trees that now are
clothed in green;
To life spring roses in the park, and shrubs and pretty
flow'rs,
That give to weary ones the peace of shady nooks and
bow'rs.

WORK.

1

Soon young Mac got a job with a tractor to drive,
And he ploughed with six ploughs, breaking land;
But young Tom drove a team that was young and alive,
By the strength in his arm and his hand.
So they learned how Alberta men farmed in the West,
How a homestead was formed from the soil;
And they knew in due course that the methods were best,
Where a man reaped the fruits of hard toil.

2

In the Spring, how they worked from the dawn till the sun
In the West settled down! then the day
Of hard toil was forgot in loud laughter and fun,
And in song that chas'd dull care away.
When the seeding of wheat was complete, then the boys
Many hours of sweet leisure could take;
Then, in riding and fishing, they found all their joys,
Or in shooting wild birds on the lake.

3

And they soon learn'd to love the free life of the plain,
Where the wheat to the farmer is life;
And the talk ever turns to the prospects of grain,
For the settler, his children and wife.
On a good crop depend all the things that they need,
But a failure brings poverty dire;
So they worry, and watch, and predict, till the seed
Has been threshed, and then sold to the buy'r.

4

In the winter no work on the land could be done,
When hard frozen the surface of earth;
Then the boys in a sleigh took the hounds and the gun,
Sure to get both excitement and mirth.
The coyote they hunted and chas'd o'er the snow,
Till the quarry at last turned to bay;
Then it fought to the death, till its blood ceas'd to flow—
Brave the wolf, but the hounds won the day.

5

And they learn'd how a homesteader lived in a shack,
How he worked, and he play'd and he fed;
And they vowed to the place they would never go back,
Where men earned just enough to buy bread.
So they both took up land to grow rich and grow grain—
For on them, if Dame Fortune should smile,
And would send ev'ry year the warm sunshine and rain,
Then of wealth they would yet make their pile.

NEWS.

1

Since the time Tom left Nora, some years had gone by,
And he longed for his love o'er the sea;
So he wrote, and he said, " My dear Nora, I'll try
To, this Autumn, send over for thee.
For I now have a farm, and a home of my own,
I'm not rich, but I really can't see
Why, through industry, thrift, and the crops that are
grown,
In a few years we wealthy can't be."

2

Then his Nora replied, " I am coming, dear boy—
I my passage am booking to-day;
To New York I will sail—and I'm bursting with joy,
For I've saved up the money to pay.
And the 'Celtic' it is, that from Liverpool sails,
In September—she leaves, the tenth day;
All War's dangers I'll face, for my love never fails—
For my safety, dear Tom, you must pray."

3

Then to tell the good news, Tom went o'er to his
friend—
Told how Nora was coming to stay;
" Just a whisper," said Tom, " and to me your ear lend,
For her safety she says I must pray—
It is war-time you know." Then said Mac, " We can
swear,
But we've both quite forgot how to pray;
As for going to church—Why, we never go there,
And that's why we don't know what to say.

4

“ So we'll saddle our horses, and ride to Med. Hat,
 To a church, where they pray, and then sing;
 And we'll tell the good parson her wishes, and that
 He must pray Nora's safety to bring.
 Then we'll go to his church, and we'll sing, and then
 pray,
 Just along with the others, I guess;
 There's a hymn that they sing when their friends go
 away—
 But I ne'er went to help, I'll confess.”

5

In the Anglican church, on the next Sabbath morn,
 Tom and Mac sat right in the back seat;
 And they both felt ashamed—conscience pricked like a
 thorn—
 How they wished they'd stayed out in the street!
 But the organist played an old tune they well knew,
 And the choir sang the words of the hymn;
 Back to England their homeland their memories flew—
 “ Could Christ love them, when they forgot Him? ”

“ THIS MY SON WAS DEAD,
AND IS ALIVE AGAIN.”

(Tune, “ Rock of Ages.”)

1

Fain I would to Christ return
When I lose health, wealth and friend ;
With remorse, my heart doth burn,
This vile sinful life to end.
“ Saviour ! cans’t Thou me esteem,
Sinful, worthy to redeem ? ”

2

Echoing from far away,
Calling ever is Thy voice
To lost sinners, day by day ;
And the Heavenly hosts rejoice
When they hear the lost one’s cry,
“ Help me ! Save me ! or I die.”

3

“ Where, oh, wand’rer, hast thou been ?
I have missed thee from the fold ;
And thy weakness I have seen.
Till in sin thou hast grown old :
But My Blood was shed for thee,
Shed, from sin to set thee free.

4

“ Penitent ! to thee new birth,
To eternal life, I give ;
Though thou pass away from earth,
Yet thy soul for aye will live.
With thy Saviour thou shalt be
Glorious through eternity.

5

“ Sinner, whosoe'er thou be,
I am still thy Saviour, Friend ;
Blind, thine eyes, they cannot see,
But I love thee to the end :
Come to ' Me,' come, sinner lost,
I have paid for sin the Cost.”

PLANS.

1

“ Tom, now listen,” said Mac, “ to what I have to say—
I don’t know what that girl sees in you—
But arrange for a day, something nice for Noray—
And of course I’ll not be with you two.
For Alberta has much for the strangers to see,
When from over the sea they arrive;
In the Fall, with the flowers most delighted she’ll be,
If she comes while they still are alive.

2

“ There are rivers that flow to the East from the West;
Then the mills o’er the world that are known;
The ‘ Aurora ’, so grand, is here seen at its best;
And, then, show her the wheat we have grown.
But a ranch she must visit, see cow-boys as well,
When wild cattle they rope on the range:
In her letters to home she’ll have lots then to tell
Of this wonderful prairie, so strange.”

3

It is nice to make plans, and to carry them through,
But how oft what we plan, we can’t do;
For the uncertain future controls me and you,
And that fickle is life, ‘tis quite true.
All the schemes of a man are oft changed by a maid,
And the maid may herself go astray;
Then no matter how careful man’s future be laid,
There may be many things in the way.

“ The most terrible slaughter e'er seen in the world,”
 Was the news from the seat of the war,
 Where the flags of the nations of earth were unfurl'd,
 But obeyed not was civilised law.
 Ocean liners torpedoed, and innocents drown'd—
 And reports said the “ Celtic ” was gone,
 Of her crew and her passengers, no trace was found,
 And of hopes for their lives there were none.

Now when Tom heard the news, he was meeting the
 train
 That arrived, night or day, from the East;
 And his brown face turned pale, and his tears fell like
 rain—
 “ Nora slain by some cowardly beast ! ”
 But Mac said, “ Tom, you know that our Navy won’t
 show
 Submarines any mercy at all;
 Then let you and me go— for they need us, I know—
 And avenge Irish Nora, and fall !

“ What care we for life, when revenge is so sweet,
 We’ll enlist, and to Flanders will go;
 With Canadians o’er there, we’ll our enemies meet—
 There’ll be more German blood that will flow.”
 So we’ll leave Tom and Mac in the trenches to fight,
 And to charge in the Paschendale mud,
 Where brave Tom got his wound, that was serious,
 not slight—
 And all wars he was out of for good !

But Scotch Mac, he fought on, for he had a charmed life,

And the German shells did not hurt him;
But he knew Tom was hit in the terrible strife—

That his hopes of sweet life were but slim.
So he looked out for Tom, borne a stretcher upon,
And said, “ Tom, you have squared up the debt.
You've exacted a toll, and a terrible one,
From the Germans—and I'm not dead yet.

“ But if, Pal, you should live to see Medicine Hat,
And your medals, so proud you will wear—
There will be a great welcome, and don't forget that—
Say Mac still likes to do and to dare.
And then think of me, Tom, when to Blighty you get,
You will know that I still carry on;
And for Nora, these Germans I'm not through with
yet,
Till I'm dead, or to Blighty I've gone.”

GOOD-BYE !

1

“ Good-bye, comrade, good-bye !
 I'll miss you ev'ry day ;
‘ For you dear pal I'd die,’
 We each to each would say.

2

“ Sweet is a woman's love,
 When for it man has striven ;
But truer far the love
 That pal to pal, has given.

3

“ On earth we may not meet,
 But we, our sins forgiven,
May each the other greet
 When we shall meet in Heaven.”

GOOD-BYE, ERIN !

PART III.

1

When Nora said her last "Good-bye,"
The moon looked down, and heav'd a sigh;
Full well he knew time's ruthless wing
Would sorrow, and then gladness, bring.

2

The moon and stars, as day were light—
Tom only saw her face so bright;
She stood and waved him on his way,
And then her heart would to him say:

THE PARTING.

" Good-bye, good-bye, sweetheart,
Till we shall meet again,
Then never more to part
Till only one remain !

" I'll dream of thee each day;
Though far away thy face,
'Tis not too far to say,
' My love can bridge the space.'

" God speed thee, on thy way,
And keep thee safe from harm !
Speed on, speed on the day
We find love's haven calm !

“ And if it be God’s will
We man and wife shall be,
I’ll love thee through life till
It ends for thee or me.”

3

Scorn not, ye mighty ones by birth—
Your pomp and wealth are but of earth—
The love of humble man and maid :
When wealth love bought, love never stay’d!

4

Then back to duty Nora went,
To stately Hall her steps she bent,
Through avenue of trees and flowr’s,
And shady ivy-cover’d bow’rs.

5

The rustic drive led to the door
Used by the rich, but not the poor ;
The servants, too, ne’er entered here—
The door for them was at the rear.

6

Full many a maiden’s heart has rued
She donn’d the garb of servitude ;
And many a sweetest rose has worn
Garb that did beauty ne’er adorn.

7

Then Nora to the nursery crept,
And found relief—for Baby slept ;
To stifle tears, in vain she tried—
She knelt beside her bed, and cried.

8

Our tears are nature's sweet relief
 In trouble, sorrow, pain, or grief;
 We may as well to stop the tide,
 Try, as our gushing tears to hide.

9

One day a month, and on full pay,
 The servants had a holiday;
 Then to the farm-house Nora went,
 To see if Tom had letters sent.

10

The farmer said, " Is this for you
 Addressed to Nora Donoghu?
 It is from Canada—I see
 Our Tom has not forgotten thee."

11

The letters she read ev'ry night,
 In bed, then hid them out of sight;
 No prying eyes on them should gloat,
 Nor read Love's missives that Tom wrote.

12

A tyrant rule, proud ladies made,
 Not for themselves, but for the maid,
 That she to church each Sabbath Day,
 In rain or shine, must wend her way.

13

And Nora, this rule would not break—
 Each Sunday she her way would take:
 She loved the walk, the birds, the flow'rs,
 The bell's sweet peals within the tow'rs.

14

Adown the dale was built the church,
Where grew the oak, and ash, and birch;
Its ivy covered-walls proclaim
The thousand years of age—its fame.

15

The Vicar knew sweet Nora well—
In chant and hymn her voice would swell—
For he and she were servants poor,
With poverty so near their door.

16

The pews were square, high-backed, for
praise—
So as to stop the vulgar gaze:
For comfort they were surely made—
A place to sleep while Parson pray'd.

17

A stipend his—none called it pay—
On which he starved from day to day;
Till when, at last, worn out and old,
He preach'd—or turned out in the cold !

18

Great Britain ! from such men as he,
Pray that thy land will ne'er be free;
Their work has made thy Empire's might—
They teach thy sons to live aright.

19

And then, at last, came round the day
When Nora was to sail away:
The good man for her welfare pray'd—
To sing this hymn his choir he bade:—

HYMN FOR TRAVELLERS.

Tune, " How Sweet the Name."

On earth, in air, and sea, things all,
Great God, obey Thy will;
O'er stormy waves Thy voice can fall,
And bid, " BE CALM AND STILL ! "

Have mercy now, O God of Love,
Teach man to do THY will:
Rebuke the winds that rage above,
And bid, " BE CALM AND STILL ! "

Of those who journey o'er the deep,
Smooth THOU the way until
They anchored be. Cheer all who weep,
And bid, " BE CALM AND STILL ! "

When passing through life's stormy day,
And sin our souls would kill,
Speak to our hearts— smooth THOU the way,
And bid, " BE CALM AND STILL ! "

And when at last, life's tempests o'er,
And death hath wrought its will,
Receive my soul on Canaan's shore,
And bid, " BE CALM AND STILL ! "

But war ceased not, and on the sea
Our foes, they practised piracy;
The unarmed liner was not spared,
And neutral ships to sink they dared.

The " Celtic " meant to risk the trip—
That word was pass'd from lip to lip:
From " Cestria," Nora left by train,
With joyful heart, but " troubled " brain.

In secrecy, from Liverpool,
The "Celtic" sailed—it was the rule :
Dark was the night, the sea how calm—
Zigzag she sailed, for fear of harm.

And all went well, until the shore
Of South-west Erin round she bore.
Some miles away was Ireland's coast—
And "Safe away!" the Celtic's boast.

Then, without warning, came the blow—
Torpedoed, from the waves below,
Amidship, 'neath the water-line!—
But of the foe there was no sign.

Oh, God!—none can describe the scene,
Unless in such a one he's been;
What curses, screams, and prayers, were
heard—
When "Sinking fast" all hearts are stirred!

The Captain, like a "Viking" proud,
Though "duty" meant a watery shroud,
Commanded till his ship went down—
And won a British hero's crown.

"All don your life-belts!—Launch the boats!—
And all move quickly—yet she floats!"—
Belt on, leapt Nora in the sea—
"I'll trust in God, for life," said she.

The rocket, and the frantic call,
Were sent to tell the "Celtic's fall;
And British boats rushed to the spot—
But she had gone—they saw her not.

There was not time the boats to launch—
All faced their doom, proud, fearless
staunch;

From passengers and crew, death near,
Arose their last, but " British," cheer.

When Nora struck the waters blue,
She nothing knew, nor what to do ;
But bravely from the ship she struck,
And missed the " Celtic's " sinking suck.

Away to East, her native land
She loved—she said, " Oh, Erin grand ! "
Her clothes were wet—she could not swim—
She felt the cold in ev'ry limb.

The life-belt kept her floating on,
Until her strength was nearly gone ;
She thought of Christ, Who still'd the waves,
And raised her heart to Him, Who saves.

As if in answer to her pray'r,
Destroyer's search-lights on her glare ;
She tried to call for help—and then
She knew no more until some men,

In Navy blue, were standing round
A cot, on which she lay, quite sound
And safe, and, through the tender care,
Of naval doctor, smiling there.

VENGEANCE JUST.

The sun, just rising in the East,
Saw ghouls of War gloat o'er their feast ;
And bade, " Britannia, rule the waves !
Thy vengeance dire wreak on these knaves !

" Traditions thine of bravery,
And scorn for acts of treachery ;

Thy flag a thousand years has flown,
Thy Monarch, proud, sits on his throne.”

Great Nelson’s spirit yet pervades
The Navy, through all ranks and grades,
With chivalry and battle-lust,
Our Pride, our Boast, our Empire’s Trust.

Such acts as these brought from the West
A mighty Pow’r that could not rest
While people sailing o’er the main
Could slaughtered be.—“ Let Freedom
reign ! ”

Its legions then the ocean cross’d—
The Allies’ cause should not be lost ;
For ever must the Sea be free
For men to sail, though War there be.

Men for all time shall know that deeds
Of shame will ever sow the seeds
Of wrath that will avenge the wrong
Upon the weak, done by the strong.

Soon Nora’s safe at Liverpool,
Where friends provided her—’twas the
rule—
With clothes, and money, for her fare.—
Tom’s parents would for Nora Care.

When she arrived, oh, what a scene !
Reports had said she drown’d had been.—
And now we’ll leave her at the farm,
Secure at least from present harm.

THE RED + CROSS NURSE.

PART IV.

1

To Tom, a letter then was sent;
But he and Mac were in a tent—
To Sarcee Camp they both had gone.
Soon battlefields they were upon.

2

And then, to stem the German hordes,
The British hear that their War Lords
Would millions need to win the war.
And years 'twould take, wise men foresaw.
All able-bodied men must fight
For God, for Freedom, and for Right !
And needed were the women, too,
For there was much that they could do.
Some made the clothes, some made the shell
That made the battlefield a hell.
The " frantic call " for " nurses " came—
" To heed it not " felt Nora " Shame."

3

At last " short training " days were o'er,
She bade " adieu " to Britain's shore;
And for a time, the lines behind,
At duty's post we Nora find.
In " First-aid station " and at " base,"
She met war's horrors face to face,
Till she herself a wound received,
And then from duty was relieved.

4

Then to sweet Nora came the " Call."
 When she was well, in Early Fall,
 For ward work bravely now returned,
 To soothe the wounded her heart burn'd.
 Into her ward they wheeled one day,
 " A young Canadian "—thus thought they.
 The doctor said, " His case demands
 He quiet be—such my commands.
 And let me know, when he comes to—
 A shock!—and he may not pull through."

5

With bandages about his face,
 The nurse could scarce his features trace;
 At times she thought he must be dead,
 He lay so still upon his bed.
 Then, raving, this Canadian
 Would fight his battles o'er again,
 In language terrible to hear—
 But he was brave, and knew no fear.
 He called for drink, so great his thirst;
 His pain caused from his lips to burst
 A name, that he loved very dear—
 'Twas " Nora! "—now to him so near.

6

She turned and looked towards his cot—
 Her name, just like a bullet shot!—
 She rushed across the ward—and then
 Attended to some other men.
 Then to his locker Nora went—
 To find out whom he was, she meant—
 And in his tunic pocket found
 Her photo—then the room went round.

She swooned, but quickly she came to,
 And straightway to the doctor flew.
 "Oh, Doctor, move me from this ward!—
 I ask it in His Name—the Lord!—
 A shock, you said, will kill this young
 Canadian, once so handsome, strong.
 If when he wakes, he sees my face,
 Of death it sure will be a case—
 If he then sees me safe and sound—
 For I'm the girl he thinks was drown'd.
 Now, Doctor, can't you understand?—
 Don't put his life, into my hand—"

The doctor "spoke" and "understood,"
 And knew the words were meant for good,
 "You, to the convalescents go,"
 "—To him your face you must not show.
 And now, let's see—who'll take your place?—
 I'll send Rose here—or, better, Grace.
 Canadians are tough and strong—
 And then, you know, he's very young.
 There's just a chance he *may* live yet,
 And many years of life may get.
 But don't you dare this ward come near,
 Until I say there is no fear
 Of shock.—It may be weeks, you know,
 Before it's safe yourself to show."

But Grace was Nora's dearest friend—
 To Nora every night she'd send
 A message when Tom was asleep.
 Then to his cot would Nora creep,
 And Grace would look another way,

So Nora could have love's sweet sway,
And stay a little while each night.—
" Love " finds a way, " Come what, come
might."

10

And Tom began to mend, but slow.
He liv'd through winter's sleet and snow,
And then, in Spring, when leaves were green,
Outside once more again was seen.
Some convalescent wheel'd his chair,
Or else some nurse would take him where
He 'neath the leafy trees could stay,
And smoke or read, each fine warm day.

THE MEETING.

11

And Grace to Tom said, " Now, big boy,
You will to-day a " treat " enjoy—
A pretty nurse will wheel your chair.
She's got a ' beau '—so — do — take — care,—
And to make love to her, don't dare!—
Be careful of your " language," Sir!—
Now don't be rude, and turn around,
While Nursie wheels you, round the ground."

12

So Nora wheeled Tom 'neath the trees,
Where sang the birds and hummed the bees.
Of sorrow now remained no trace—
She stepped in front, and—showed her face.
" My God! " cried Tom, "—it's Nora's
ghost!—
Excuse me, Nurse — but I — almost—— "
" Now, almost what?—come, tell me, do! "
" It's Nora's voice!—Nursie—who are you? "

41

“ Now shut your eyes, and God will send
What you like best—my dear young friend.”
She whispered in his ear—just this—
“ It’s Nora, Tom!—and—here’s her kiss.

13

“ And now we’ve met, with you I’ll stay—
We’ll both return to Canaday.
But first, dear Tom, you must get strong—
The doctor says it won’t take long.”
But Tom was dumb, his speech had gone—
He heard the birds, the trees upon . . .
It *was* his Nora’s *face*—and *voice*!
Well may the birds with him rejoice,
For now the dead had come to life,
And Nora *yet* would be his wife!
Then to his homestead, near Med. Hat,
She’d go with him—her words meant *that*!

BUXTON.

14

And then to Buxton Tom was sent.
There, England to Canadians lent,
For wounded men, a grand hotel,
In beauty spot near Saint Anne’s Well,
Where convalescents bathed each day,
And gained their health, and went away.
Tom bathed, and drank the water clear,
And soon could walk to places near,
With Nora, oft, on summer’s morn—
For ‘ love ’ would not from ‘ love ’ be torn.

LOVER'S LEAP, BUXTON.

15

The "lovers" loved the "Lover's Leap,"
Where Love's sweet tryst true "lovers" keep;
And Cupid, near the brink, would sigh
When bold intruders came too nigh.
What "stories" could this canyon tell
Of "lovers" in the deep, dark, dell,
Where streamlet drowns the rippling sound
Of laughter, and, from trees around,
The birds' "love songs" make music sweet
In sylvan glade—"Love's sweet retreat"!

THE SPA.

1

With the turmoil when we're weary,
When our tasks each day seem dreary;
When we have to give concessions
To our rivals in professions;
Or in business, or as salesman—
Where the laggard ne'er succeed can,
But is thrust aside to perish—
Worker-bees no drones will cherish—
In the struggling world the stronger
Give the weaker place no longer—

2

Many tir'd ones spend their leisure
Where they get excitement, pleasure.
Some love golf, and others, walking,
And the sportsmen wild buck stalking:

Some folks wish for quiet, restful
Spot, to them, the haven blissful,
Where comes rest from duty's rigour,
To recoup their health and vigour :
Those whose nerves are wrecked or shaken,
To fair Buxton Spa are taken.

3

Here have Princes, and e'en Kings play'd ;
Here the hapless Queen of Scots stay'd,
When the fear of death was near her,
When her love of life grew dearer.
Then Saint Anne's Well's sparkling water
Soothed the nerves of Scotia's daughter.
Sorrowful, adown the long age,
She, in " Farewell " to life's sad page,
Showed how keen her parting sorrow—
" Buxton, I'll not see to-morrow. "

4

Spa at Buxton, ring thy praises !
Fear not, heed not, voice that raises,
To extol the foreign places,
Where the water pain effaces.
Though thy grass is green, yet greener
Looks the foreign field, though leaner.
Britons may buy tribulations,
With their wealth, in foreign stations ;
But at home the Spa and hot spring
Not excelled are, for they health bring.

5

Roman Legions built thy towers,
Found the warm springs full of powers ;
Brought their sick to drink the healing
Waters, that from death were stealing
Those in winter's clime repining,

From the land where sun was shining.
Cures miraculous, and tragic,
Caused the dreadful words, " foul magic; "
And through superstitious ages,
Buxton was not sung by sages.

FAIRIES.

Ancient bards, in Middle Ages,
With the fairies filled their pages ;
Of fantastic beauty sang they—
All believed their tales, in that day.
Modern fairies, oh, so fast fly !
Lovely maidens, make men's hearts sigh,
With their forms, like ancient goddess !
They in this day, show their prowess
In all manly exercises,
Stealing hearts, while, they win prizes.

CHEEDALE.

1

Many lovely maids are walking,
And of Derby dales are talking,
Rural scenes of beauty finding,
Where, through vales, the streams are winding.
They may carve their names in "Cheedale,"
But they cannot tell, in detail,
Of the crags that rise fantastic—
Like cathedrals, rise majestic—
Clothed in nature's greenest dresses,
Charming as a maiden's tresses.

2

Other vales thy grandeur vieing,
Many for thy beauty sighing,
To excel thee never daring,
Cheedale, "Queen of Dales" declaring !
Rustic bridges o'er thee crossing,
Waters rushing, rippling, tossing ;
Sweet the sound of rivers flowing,
Sweet the lilies, in them growing !
Narrow, thou, in places, raising
Straight thy banks to heights amazing,
Where, in quietude reposing,
Resting in thy nooks, and dozing !
Or the lovers, fond, are rambling,
O'er thy slipp'ry rocks are scrambling,
Sweet for "Cheedale," praises singing,
Sweet to them its mem'ries clinging.

GOYT VALLEY, BUXTON.

1

“ Streamlet down the valley flowing,
Whence came you? Where are you going?
As I hear your gladsome singing,
Blithe my heart, with joy is ringing;
And forgot is all my sadness,
In your tumult, and your gladness.”
“ Where the hill-top is the proudest,
Where the thunder peals the loudest,
From a spring of water clearest,
Rush I down ravine the nearest.

2

“ I no banks, at birth, am given,
Till for them I hard have striven.
So I form a bogland shallow—
Where the cattle love to wallow
In the mud, and ferns, and rushes—
Till, at length, my water gushes,
Downward, zigzag, my way winding,
And I now my banks am finding.
So I leap, leap, faster, faster,
Like a steed that has no master.

3

“ Proudly now, through silent valley,
Other streamlets to me rally,
And my current grows much stronger,
Till a streamlet I’m no longer.
Now as rivulet I’m flowing,
And ’neath bridges proudly going.
Happy children from the city,
For my waters have no pity;
How they wade me, dash me, splash me!
How with sticks and stones they thrash me!

4

“ Trees and willows on my banks grow;
 Now my waters not so fast flow,
 For the angler now is fishing—
 I can hear his long line swishing,
 When he angles trout or grayling.
 Angry, I, my loss bewailing,
 Madly tear away my green banks,
 And o'er falls, I play some strange pranks;
 Till at last, lost is my fleetness,
 And with age has gone my sweetness.”

THEIR WEDDING DAY.

5

In this world temp’ral things will end;
 But souls, eternity will spend;
 For good works, Bliss, for ill-works, Woe—
 Man’s deeds decide where man will go.
 Eternal is the soul—for aye
 Live on, it doth—will never die.—
 The end of courtship days was near—
 Romantic, blissful, time so dear !
 To convalescent Tom, strength came,
 And Nora meant to change her name.
 They married were, in church, she knew,
 Of ancient fame and high-backed pew :
 And Irish Nora now may rest—
 Tom thinks she is of wives the best.

One lovely August day, at noon,
 The organ play’d their wedding-tune.

Tune, " The Voice that breath'd o'er Eden."

1

Thou Christ, Who caused that water
 Turn'd into wine should be,
For Galilean's daughter,
 At marriage feast with Thee.

2

The best of wine that cheereth,
 Provided was by Thee;
For when the need Thou heareth,
 Fill'd was the wine-cup, free.

3

Give now this bride and bridegroom,
 Thy presence at their feast;
Though guests be many, there's room
 For Thee in West or East.

4

Bring joy, oh, loving Jesus,
 Unto this feast with Thee—
Joy that will never leave us
 While on this earth we be.

5

Of home and husband send Love,
 And children if there be,
Guide this bride to her life's end,
 As friend may she trust THEE.

6

And may this bridegroom never,
 From his dear home and wife,
Be tempted e'er to sever
 His love while last shall life.

Oh, Lord, Thy gifts be sending—
 The greatest one of health;
 As they through life are wending,
 May they in Thee find wealth.

And bless, oh, Heavenly Father,
 This bridegroom and his bride;
 At last to Thee them gather,
 To e'er with Thee abide.

Glory to Father, we give,
 And glory to the Son;
 Sweet Spirit in our hearts live—
 Praise God The THREE IN ONE!

—Amen.

PART V.

THE BROOK.

Then the newly-wed pair spent a month at the farm,
And found joy in the quiet and calm
Of unfrequented lanes, in the meadows, 'neath trees,
Where the sweet flow'r is nectar to bees;
And the brook slow meanders adown the rich vale,
Past the farm, through the dark, shady dale,
'Neath an old rustic bridge where the cresses are found,
Where meet huntsmen, with horse and with hound,
Near an historic inn, where the travell'r of yore
Could take rest, and refresh, get the best of good cheer,
And of chival'rous deeds, too, could hear.
Slowly on, through a hamlet, the brook wends its way
To the Hall, built in far-distant day,
Where the knight, long ago, from the stream formed a
lake—
Where grow lilies, where swans their ease take—
To leap o'er a steep rock it has rushed from of yore—
The brave knight views the "Falls" from his door.
Then once more 'tis a brook, and, anon, a mill-stream,
Where there stands an old mill—and we dream
Of the days when our forefathers lived long ago.
But the brook joins the river below;
And to leave us enraptur'd, the stream never fails,
When we fairylands find in the vales.
But, alas! all our days of enchantment and dream,
Few or many, how brief do they seem!
When our playtime is o'er, we return to our work—
But in duty's path much joy can lurk.

Soon in London, once more, Tom and Nora arrive,
While in war yet the nations all strive;
They impatiently waited for orders to sail—
Long delay all Canadians bewail—
But to Foch was now known, that the Germans would
 fail,
And delayed were all orders to sail.

To the hospitals then, they both went to find Grace,
For they longed to see once more her face;
So they visited wards, and in going around,
On his crutches, his old friend, Tom found.
Yes, 'twas he!—dear old Mac!—but with legs only one,
Yet the smile from his face had not gone.
And said Mac, " You can see Tom, they got me at last,
So my combatant days are now past."
And Tom answer'd, " Mac, Nora was not drown'd at
 sea!
Here she is!—'tis my wife you now see;
And we'll both soon return to our home in the West,
For I know, Mac, for us that is best."

Then said Nora to Grace, " Will you come o'er the sea,
To Alberta, and there live with me,
Where the sun shines so bright, and the sky is so blue,
Where you're well paid for work that you do? "
Answer'd Grace, " With you Nora, I'd just love to go,
For a servant's a slave here, you know:
You and I Nora, dear, in our lives need a change—
Life in Alta at first will be strange."

But at last the " Albertic " got orders to sail,
And to take convalescents and mail;
All the four were delighted at now going back—
Irish Nora, and Grace, Tom, and Mac.
Some destroyers convoyed the " Albertic " to sea,
For protected the wounded must be;
Then at last, from the danger-zone safely away,

They arrived safe in Halifax Bay.
At the sight of their "Homeland," for which they had
bled,
And for which tens of thousands were dead,
Of this Patriot's song, they all sang the sweet strain,
As they near'd her loved shore—*Home Again!*

OH, CANADA !

Tune, God Save the King.

Oh, Canada, we sing,
Of thee our praises ring,
To thee we cling !
Though not in ancient days,
Yet in the present days,
And through the future days,
Shall free-dom ring.

Oh, Canada, 'twixt three
Oceans united be,
Vast, strong, and free !
We love thy mountains grand,
Thy lakes and prairie land,
Thy rivers, oceans' strand—
Of them we sing.

Oh, Canada, for thee,
To God we bend the knee,
To keep thee free !
If *He* wills, war must be;
But whoe'er foes may be,
Our lives we'll give for thee,
To vict'ry bring.

Oh, Canada, may we
The Northland, strong, e'er be—
Reign justice free !
God, bless our Liberty !
Send Thou Prosperity !
Save from Adversity !—
Thy Praise we sing.

ARRIVAL.

Great excitement prevailed in far-distant Med. Hat,
For a cablegram told the Mayor that
There were heroes, and wounded, returning once more,
Now the days of their warfare were o'er;
And the citizens plann'd to receive " home again,"
Their own men, as they stepp'd from the train.

So the platform was thronged when the " Westbound "
pull'd in,
With its clanging bell making a din;
And the men were amazed—they'd been told not a
word—
Till a loud " British " cheer they all heard.
Then the band led the way to the Riverside Park,
Like a Fairyland, lit in the dark;
Where the mighty Saskatch'wan, majestic, flow'd by—
As it will do when we are all gone.
All sang " God Save the King," and, then, " Oh,
Canada,"
And what praises, what speeches there were!
What a banquet to honour these heroes was spread—
But they thought of " their Comrades now dead."

PEACE.

1

Once more has peace return'd,
Through God's especial Grace:
What lesson has man learn'd,
War's horrors to efface?

2

God's will be done on earth,
Or be it Peace or War!
Of love there is a dearth—
Men hate, and go to War.

3

Nations each other hate,
Though Christ taught them to love;
And sad will be their fate,
Till hatred turns to love.

4

May God the hearts of men
To love each other, teach;
And then, and not till then,
Can Peace the nations reach.

5

When Christ doth rule the world,
And is each nation's King,
His flag of Peace, unfurl'd,
He will to all men bring.

PART VI.

INTRODUCTION.

ROTARY.

Rotarians of Canada, give honour where'tis due,
And ever by example show what "Christians" ought
to do.
They give their wealth, their time, their work, for
progress and for good,
And always "Loyalty" have taught, for "King and
Empire" stood,
So when the city's heroes came home from the world's
"Great War,"
A "Gala Day" for them was held—a "Carnival" they
saw.
In spirit, sad one, laugh with me, let joy and mirth hold
sway;
For though thy clouds are dark with gloom—may shine
a brighter day.

THE GALA DAY.

*1

If you would get excitement, go to Calgary stampedes;
Of thrills you'll get what you require, be small or great
your needs.
Each year you'll see some new thing there, no matter
when you go;
They always think of something new the visitors to
show.

2

But go to Med'cine Hat, that in 'Most fertile valley' lies,
 And there you'll find a wonder-town, where ev'rybody
 tries
 To get out of the beaten track—they somehow seem to
 know
 They make their city famous, when unique events they
 show.

3

But, then, the fame of Medicine Hat all o'er the world is
 known;
 Tis small, but enterprising, where the best results are
 shown;
 The gas, the flour, the flowers, have brought this famous
 city fame—
 If it be once your home, you'll say, there's no place just
 the same.

4

And so 'twas no surprise to me, to see a grand parade—
 You'll say parades are common—their attraction seems
 to fade:
 Not so in Medicine Hat, for there they still have
 something new,
 And "Rotary" a "Carnival" now show'd to me and
 you.

5

'Twas Indian Summer in the West, the season we all
 love,
 When earth was peaceful, calm, and still, and blue the
 sky above;
 When brilliant was the sun by day, the air so warm and
 clear—
 It was the lull before the storms of winter, that were
 near.

6

Resplendent were the scenes we saw that glorious
 Autumn day,
 Where ever-sombre parents let the children have their
 way ;
 They laughed and shouted, chattered, just like all young
 children should—
 And so should all of us—but, then we do not, if we
 could.

7

The children were in costumes that were wonderful to
 see,
 All formed up in their classes, just like when at school
 they be ;
 I saw their eager faces when the judges came around—
 Each child expected that a prize for it would sure be
 found.

8

Anticipations, fancies, are alike in young and old—
 We like to think we are the best, but ne'er a prize we
 hold :
 The judges had my sympathy—they tried their very best
 To pick out the best costumes in this new and novel test.

9

A little girl, and doll, were there, dress'd with such
 wondrous skill—
 They represented what I thought a " Perfect Daffodil ;"
 The " Mary had a little lamb," my childhood mem'ry
 wakes,
 And " Mary " with her real " lamb " a real picture
 makes.

11

And now I see the sweetest maid—a “ Puritan ” is she;
 Another maid, tall, fair, demure, would old “ Grand-
 mothers ” be;
 But of the little fairy girl, how proud should mother
 be!—
 Au-ro-ra-Bo-re-a-lis, or “ The Northern Sights,” is she.

11

And yet another charming maid, with graceful steps and
 slow,
 Show’d how the lovely ladies looked one hundred years
 ago:
 This sweet child is a basket, that is full of tempting fruit,
 That made boys feel delicious—but—they were afraid to
 loot.

12

And now I see the “ Fairies,” all adancing o’er the
 green,
 And “ Maggie ” with the dancers, and Jiggs are also
 seen,
 And “ Pierrots ” and “ Pierettes,” and “ Courtiers,”
 there be,
 From England, France and Mexico, and Italy, I see.

13

I cannot mention every child, althought I’d like to do;
 But “ Mother ” I would mention, for some praise to her
 is due;
 And though she seldom gets it, it is coming all the same,
 For “ Mother ” loves the children, and she enters in
 their game.

14

The boys were more inventive, with their marv'lous aeroplanes,
 Which proved boys may be naughty, but still have their share of brains;
 A " Spark-Plug," and a " Golliwog," and Indians galore—
 When " Huckleberry Finn " appeared, the crowd just had to roar.

15

An " Arab Chief," and " Knights of Old, and " Hoboes on the trail; "
 And one boy even led a " Goat "—to laugh I could not fail.
 I see the " Prairie schooner " of the Western pioneer,
 And a " Bandit," and a " Cow-boy"—to Western boys so dear.

16

Now, boy or girl, don't blame me, if I've left you in the dark,
 But I was not a priv'leg'd one, allowed inside the park:
 I give you the impressions, of a man among the crowd,
 And just tell how he lik'd you, with these words, " Of you we're proud ! "

17

There's not much room for poets, boys, in this exciting age,
 With aeroplanes, and picture shows, and autos, all the rage;
 But p'r'aps a William Shakespeare, here in Medicine Hat, we've got—
 We never know the future of the baby in the cot.

And, last, we all congratulate the staff, the bands, the
scouts,
For keeping perfect order in the park and thereabouts.
The children, marching through the streets, a riot was
of fun,
And augurs well that Canada's great future has begun.

Now, girls and boys, I'll say " Good-Bye! " and meet
you all next year:
The hope of " British Empire," you, to us you all are
dear.
Each day you live, a kind act do, and you a " prize "
will win;
King George's citizens are you, to " Briton's " you are
kin!

Then to their home on prairie land,
They all return'd to stay;
The friends came round to shake their hand,
And had nice things to say.
Through winter, when the sleigh-bells rang,
Mac fell in love with Grace,
And of her goodness oft he sang,
And of her sweetest face.
While she returned his love, and so,
Of course, they now are one:
They often to their neighbours go,
To talk of times now gone.
And Nora has a baby boy—
She's now a " mother " dear;
And brave Tom's heart is full of joy—
He has a son to rear.
So let us all with them rejoice,
And honour " Mother's " name,
Her praises sing with mighty voice—
All " Mothers " love the same.

MOTHER.

I've heard the very vilest man
 Curse sister, dad, or brother:
He's more than vilest—he who can
 Show disrespect to "Mother."

The " Wise Creator " put her love
 In bird, and beast and mankind;
It is a gift from Him above,
 And in it all can joy find.

The first words from the lips of man
 Are uttered for his mother:
And tiny feet when first they ran,
 Came to her and no other.

At " Mother's " knee who has not knelt
 To lisp the simple child-prayer?
Her kiss at night who has not felt?—
 Her care, her love, remember!

The soldier young, and strong, and brave,
 When, wounded, he lies dying,
In dreadful pain, has one last crave—
 He " Mother " soft is crying.

The man who weds, and has a wife
 Who loves him and no other,
If he would keep her love for life,
 Must let her love as " Mother."

A wife may die; a man can then
 Give his love to another:
When " Mother " dies, 'tis sad, for when
 Did man have second Mother?

The erring daughter fears to tell
 Her ruin to her father;

But mother loves her, she knows well,
And tell her she would rather.

The spendthrift can no pity get
From father or from brother;
There's one fond heart that loves him yet—
The heart of dear old Mother?

I wonder, when we cross the Bar,
Shall we know one another?
If so, then someone from afar
Will see me—my dear Mother!

The " Galilean," He who died,
That saved might be all others,
The last words from the Cross He cried,
Showed his deep love for " Mothers."

The criminal about to go
From this world to another,
Oft hides his name—e'en he can show
Respect for name of " Mother."

He is not lost. Ah, no ! for now
His crimes are expiated,
For " Mother-Love " his head can bow,
Although long separated.

We put aside a day each year,
And " Mother's Day " it shall be:
Her face I see, her voice I hear,
Though she may not be near me.

To honour both our parents we
Are taught in God's commandments,
That long on earth our lives may be,
And Heaven be our attainment.

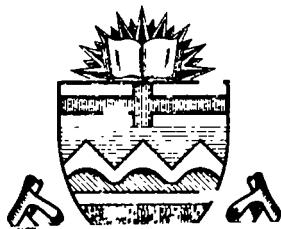
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